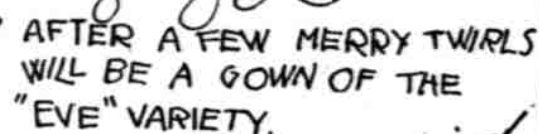
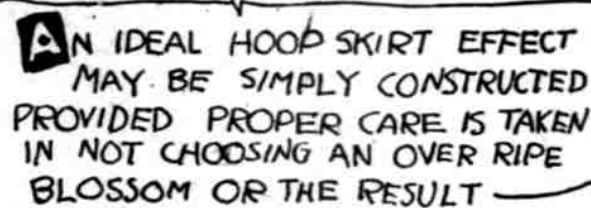
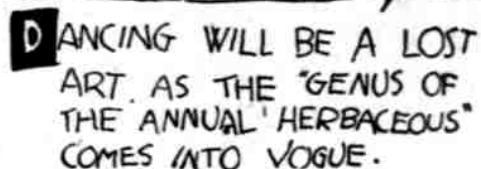
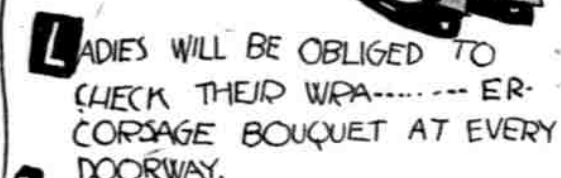


BY KLIZ



"Something in lace, madam?"

"Yes, I want to match this, if I can."

"Right this way, madam. We've certainly got a grand line of laces this fall. You want it for a waist, don't you, madam? Here it is—just the thing!"

"How much?"

"Two dollars a yard, madam."

"Two dollars? Why, it's cheap-looking. I don't want it! It's too much!"

"Madam!!! How can you say that, madam? Look at it! Isn't it sweet?"

"I don't want it!"

"Madam, I assure you on my word of honor that you can't get it cheaper anywhere in this city. Here, wait till you get the effect. There! Madam, you will certainly look lovely in a waist with that lace on it. I don't think I ever saw lace so good so well!"

"What did you say it was?"

"Two dollars, dear, and it's worth four. Listen, dear, if you don't like your waist after you've made it, bring it to me and I will buy it at what it cost you—I will, dear, I honestly will. Though I'm not as lovely a form as you and I'd have to alter it some. I'll do that—yes, I will, honest."

"Well, I don't know—"

"Now, lover, listen to me. You know you liked your friend's waist who gave you that sample, didn't you, lover? Wasn't it the sweetest little waist you ever seen? Don't let her come anything over on you, lover—don't! Buy this lace and—"

"Well, I guess I'll take two yards, then."

"Lover, you never showed more good sense at one time, believe me. Four dollars, lover. Thank you. Take it with you or sent out? A' right. She'll bring it to you. You must come to me again, lover—I'm fourteen. Goo'-by!"

As you watch the curtain rising,
As the orchestra is still;
As you start your eyes to sizing
Up the fillices on the bill;
As you lamp them in their prancing,
As you listen to them sing,
Straight you criticize their dancing,
And begin your usual fling.
"Rotten show!" you growl and grumble;
"Punktest lay-out of the year!
And you do the heavy rumble
So that every one may hear.
"Saw that dame in '87?"
"Heard that joke in '93."
"Talk of dough without the leaven—
This is too, too rank for me!"
"Nerve and gall is all that's needed
For a show-piece now-a-days!
Why, they say that this succeeded
In New York!—was all the craze!"
"Listen there!—Say, pike the kicken!"
"Did you ever—look at that!"
"And they call that one a chicken—
That one all wrapped up in fat!"
"Well, I'm through—no more for me, sir!
I am done for good and all!
Why, there's nothing fit to see, sir!
After this, the movie hall!"

Thus you growl and whine and yammer,
Thus your mouthings overflow—
Always ready with your hammer,
But—you're always at the show!

Inquisitive Ichabod: "Father, what is the difference between a fort and a fortress?"

Professor Digswendelive: "Fortress, my son is feminine. So called because nobody ever knows just how to take it."

Officer (to new servant): "Well, Dooley, did you get those boots soled for me this morning?"

Private Dooley (producing elation): "Yes, sir, and a mighty fine bargain they've got, too, for this is all I could get for 'em."

The teacher, a lady of uncertain age, was having a hard time teaching Johnny the names of the kings of England.

"Why, when I was your age," she said, disgustedly, "I could recite the names of the kings backward and forward."

"Yes'm," said Johnny, "but when you was my age there wasn't so many kings."

When a woman gets a red spot on the end of her nose the world charitably remarks that her blood is out of order; but just let that red spot ap-

pear on a man's nose, and everyone will declare they smell whisky as soon as they get within twenty feet of him.

Just as the manager was showing some visitors round the factory the dinner bell rang, and the men stopped work and disappeared as if by magic.

"Do all of them," said one of the guests, smiling, "drop their tools the instant the bell goes?"

"Oh, no; not all of them," said the manager. "The more orderly ones have their tools put away before that time."

A story is told of an American traveling in Europe.

While in Paris he went into a jeweler's shop and asked the price of a pin on the counter. He was told it was twenty francs.

"That's too much," said the tourist; "It's a present for my sister. I'll give you five francs for it."

"Zen it would be I zat gave se present to your sister," said the Frenchman, with a deprecatory shrug, "and I know not se young mademoiselle."

MONDAY—Jack Steele called on me this evening. He is so ungainly and awkward, and so coarse and rough. All his talk is about the fine position he is to get as soon as he finishes school—out in Montana somewhere. His English is awful. He pronounces Chopin as if it was spelled "Shoppin," and he actually asked me this evening what a "Bach fuggy" was! I'd hate to go out in company with him. I'm glad he's going away soon.

TUESDAY—Jack Steele came around unexpectedly this evening and took me to a frat dance. He dances like a frog, with one arm and one leg. Everybody seems to like him—wonder why?—I don't much. But he was splendid tonight, coming home on the car, when he threw a big drunk man off, who was swearing.

WEDNESDAY—Home all day. Dismal weather—cloudy and chilly. I looked for Jack to come around this afternoon with his car—he said last evening he might. Rather glad he didn't—I've wanted to do some reading. But he needn't have said he was coming if he didn't intend to.

THURSDAY—To the theater with Alice. I never know how to act and how distinguished-looking, until this evening when we stood in the theater lobby. He was the tallest man there. And when the whole house rose up to sing America I was thrilled through and through by the rich, mellow tones of his wonderful baritone. He has a superb voice. There are worse cases of Youth than Jack Steele—I've found that out.

FRIDAY—I saw Jack riding with that little Miss Daffidger. I'd like to know what he sees about her. Her mother is a soapmaker and her father is a politician. She's a little fool. I've heard of her. Giddy as a goat. Plish!

SATURDAY—I haven't seen Jack since the night he took me to the theater—when was that?—Thursday. I think he might call up, or drop me a note. I wonder if that Daffeburger flirt is after him? It would be a shame for a fine young man like Jack Steele to get stuck in the job of that vampire. I just wonder dared call him up for a minute or the phone. But that wouldn't do—no, that wouldn't do at all—that wouldn't do. Would it or wouldn't it?—No, I told me.

SUNDAY—Brother Tom has just come in and said me that Jack Steele isn't going to stay till school closes—he leaves for Montana tomorrow. Is it possible he is going away without coming to tell me good-by? I can't believe it. I must see him—I've just got to see him. I've got two of his books. I'll call him up and tell him to come and get his books. I will—I will—I will! I don't care! O, Jack, if you only knew—

MONDAY—Just come from Mabel Crash's. Peachering that's what SHE is! A regular little queen! Never heard anybody play the piano as she does. Brains, too. Believe me, she's there with the come-back in repartee, all right, all right. Think she likes me pretty well. It'd be tough on her out west, though—doubt if she could stand the privations. Still, you can't tell. They say she plays a hard game of tennis, so a peaching to be, though you can't tell. But she's a peaching in all right, all right!

TUESDAY—Took Mabel Crash to our frat dance. Best looking there—easy. Dances like a fairy. Some swell little woman, believe me. The fellows all envying me. I believe she could stand the privations out west all right. She's certainly there with the back talk. Brains—loads of them.

WEDNESDAY—Took Mabel Crash to the W. K. politician, and he took me out to lunch with him. Went up to his office, and there met his sister. Nice looking girl but not up to Mabel for real class—not near.

THURSDAY—Went to the show with Mabel. Saw Miss Daffebarger in a box. Got a smile from her. She's certainly a peaching—very nice, though I'd say all right, all right. They say her old man has the acids in bins. Mabel seemed very dull tonight, and wasn't up to her looks—not near. I doubt if she could stand the privations of a western mining camp.

FRIDAY—Met Miss Daffebarger out walking on the boulevard. Took her into my car and we went for a spin. Peachering—no wonder, she's a peachering, but all right, all right. She makes Mabel Crash look like minus quantity when it comes to comeback patter. Educated at Vassar. Knows all about the west—raised there—her first home, before the old man went into business. Says she'd like to go back to the west to live—but she doesn't know if she can. They say her father has all kinds of glue. She's a little thingy, but all right, all right.

SATURDAY—Got word today that I'd have to report at the Blue Butte mine the first of the month. I'll have to lose commencement. Start Monday. Henry Daffebarger took me home with him to dinner to night. She was there. Peachering, believe me. Told them my plans—both of them envied me. She gave me some good tips about the west. No doubt about it, a woman like her being able to endure the privations.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON—Met Tom Crash and told him I was going tomorrow. Told him to tell his sister good-bye for me—wouldn't have time to get round, etc. Wonder if she won't call me up—hardly think so, but I'll drop her in the p. m., and play safe. Going to see Miss Daffebarger in the eve. Gee, wonder what I saw in Mabel Crash!

"Singer," said the tired-looking individual sitting on the sawhorse in front of the lively stable, "that story that got in your Sunday papers about there bein' a wild man loose on our streets was a lie, purty near all wool and a yard wide—not quite, though, for there was a thread of truth in it, but the way Ed Mitchell writ it up, you'd a had quite a chore on your hands to find the thread. Yes-siree!"

I was waiting for a train in Sweet Valley, and had stopped to ask about a story I had read a few weeks before in a Sunday paper to the effect that a wild man had run through the streets of Sweet Valley one Sunday morning.

"Yes-siree! Ed, he fixed it up in fine shape, and maybe you think Boone Smoot wasn't hot under the collar!" went on the old fellow, accepting the cigar I proffered. "You see, it wasn't nothin' but some after-election fun, and that's all. Sam Shephard had run for assessor and had been elected, and that Saturday night some of his friends met down at his house to congratulate him, and also to try his hard cider. I happened to drop in, too. There was six or eight of us, and we set around there a right smart while, tastin' his cider off and on, and talkin'. Boone Smoot was among 'em, and Boone was got a strong lip for things like that hard cider. I guess it was nery ridin' when we came up town and built a little fire out of some boxes, to kind of help along with Sam's celebration. Kind of illumination, you know, for the occasion."

"Well, we set around there and talked some more, singin' some songs and one thing another, till most 1 o'clock, I'd judge. And Boone by this time was in a right bad way. Everybody was ready to go home but Boone, and he wouldn't be ready that night, we saw that, so we just took care to keep him home—he lives out on the edge of town, you know, over the hollow—so he didn't have to go for the last ten years. We stripped him, rolled him in his trundle bed, said good night and came back to town. The fire wasn't out yet, so we set there a little while, talkin' and runnin' over some old tunes, when all at once Lee Hamrick jumped up and said, 'What's that?' We listened and we heard something comin' up the street, 'Pat-pat-pat! Pat-pat-pat!' Closer and closer it come, Pat-pat-pat—like a bear, maybe, or a wolf, I don't know."

"Well, sir, just as we were on the point of skeeddadin' out of there, into the freight bus Boone Smoot, dressed just as we'd put him to bed, and that wasn't much in the way of clothes. Wanted more hard cider, he did. But he didn't get it. We sat around a while, talkin' and singin' some, and Boone went to sleep by the fire. When we got ready to go home, nobody wanted to take Boone home again. D'ye blame us? Then Sil Bales said we'd lock up put him in the basement of the Campbellite church, and we did, and so we did, and all went home, as it was gettin' right late."

"Well, Boone woke up next mornin'—Sunday, you know—saw the fix he was in, and did the only thing he could do—he hit it for home down through the back alleys as hard as he could hipper. People were just startin' for Sunday school, and Boone had a hard time dodgin' 'em, but he made it, though his feet was cut up considerable, and he got scratched some, goin' through the briars in the hollow."

"That's the whole story, dranger, and there wouldn't be nothin' said about it if Ed Mitchell hadn't broke up that story and sent it to the city papers. Some people make me tired!"

BY MUNHALL

